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**ODE**

Performed at the Anniversary  
Feast of the Gentlemen, Na-  
tives of the County of Kent,

A T  
*Merchant-Taylors-Hall, Nov. 21. 1700.*

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*Set to Musick by Mr Barret.*

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**H**ark, Musick, hark, Melodious Sounds are made;  
A Noble Theme in moving Numbers laid,  
Is to our Sence by moving Notes convey'd.

*Apollo* takes his Harp and plays:  
The God of Musick sings the Praise  
Of KENT, the Darling of his Rays.

Fair Land, that glads my wondring Eye,  
While round the Spacious Orb I fly,  
Proud of my Lustre, here I view  
The Sprightly products of my Rays in you.

Upon thy fertile sides  
The *Thames* with Plenty loaded glides,  
Inriching thee with tributary Tydes.  
*Britain's* Glory, Safety, Trade,  
Within thy *Medway's* Arms are laid,  
And KENT is *England's* Bulwark made.

By thee her Fleets protected are,  
By thee are furnish'd out for War.  
In Peace secur'd within thy Land,  
In War by thee are bravely mann'd.

The Goddess of the *British* Isle  
Fair Liberty on Thee does smile.

Thy

Thy Lands Exempt from all Despotick sway,  
 Their ancient Patrons ne'r betray :  
 By long Succession sure,  
 Riches and Titles here endure ;  
 But Vertues with Estates come down,  
 And from the Father bless the Son.

*This part  
 down to the  
 Grand Cho-  
 rus was  
 not set, lest  
 the Enter-  
 tainment  
 should be  
 too long.*

No wonder Vertues there abound,  
 Since Britain first was blest'd,  
 And with the Noblest Worship grac'd,  
 On this Religious Ground.  
 Blest Land, Propt by thy ruling Pow'rs,  
 The Saving Cross was fixt on thy exalted Tow'rs,

There Justice, Freedom, Plenty, Ease,  
 The Pride of War, and Joys of Peace,  
 And every Good are found :  
 KENT with its ancient Honors great,  
 It self a Kingdom and a State,  
 With ev'ry Bliss is crown'd.

Ye Generous Offspring of a Noble Land,  
 Still ev'ry heart command ;  
 Still ev'ry Year your Minutes thus employ,  
 And let your Goodness be diffusive as your Joy.

There Nature plac'd you to oppose,  
 And awe Britain's Neighb'ring Poes :  
 Of Freedom fond, untaught to yield,  
 The first to take, and last to quit the Field.  
 That Mighty She, who did her Sex adorn,  
 The Great Eliza here was Born.

The very Swain here like a Noble lives,  
 Blest in the Sweets that Freedom gives ;  
 Blest in the best of Representatives.  
 Thus may ye yearly hither throng,  
 Like Them your Joys improve ;  
 Still help each other, rear the young,  
 And still promote Society and Love.

### Grand Chorus.

**R** Ejoyce, Brave Sons of KENT,  
 Hail ! Crown'd with loyal Applause,  
 Guard what your Fathers fixt of old,  
 Our Altars and our Laws.  
 Guard, what your Fathers fixt of old,  
 When early pious, wisely bold,  
 The Conqueror they Controul'd.

F I N I S.